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Twelfth Night

Sheepscare

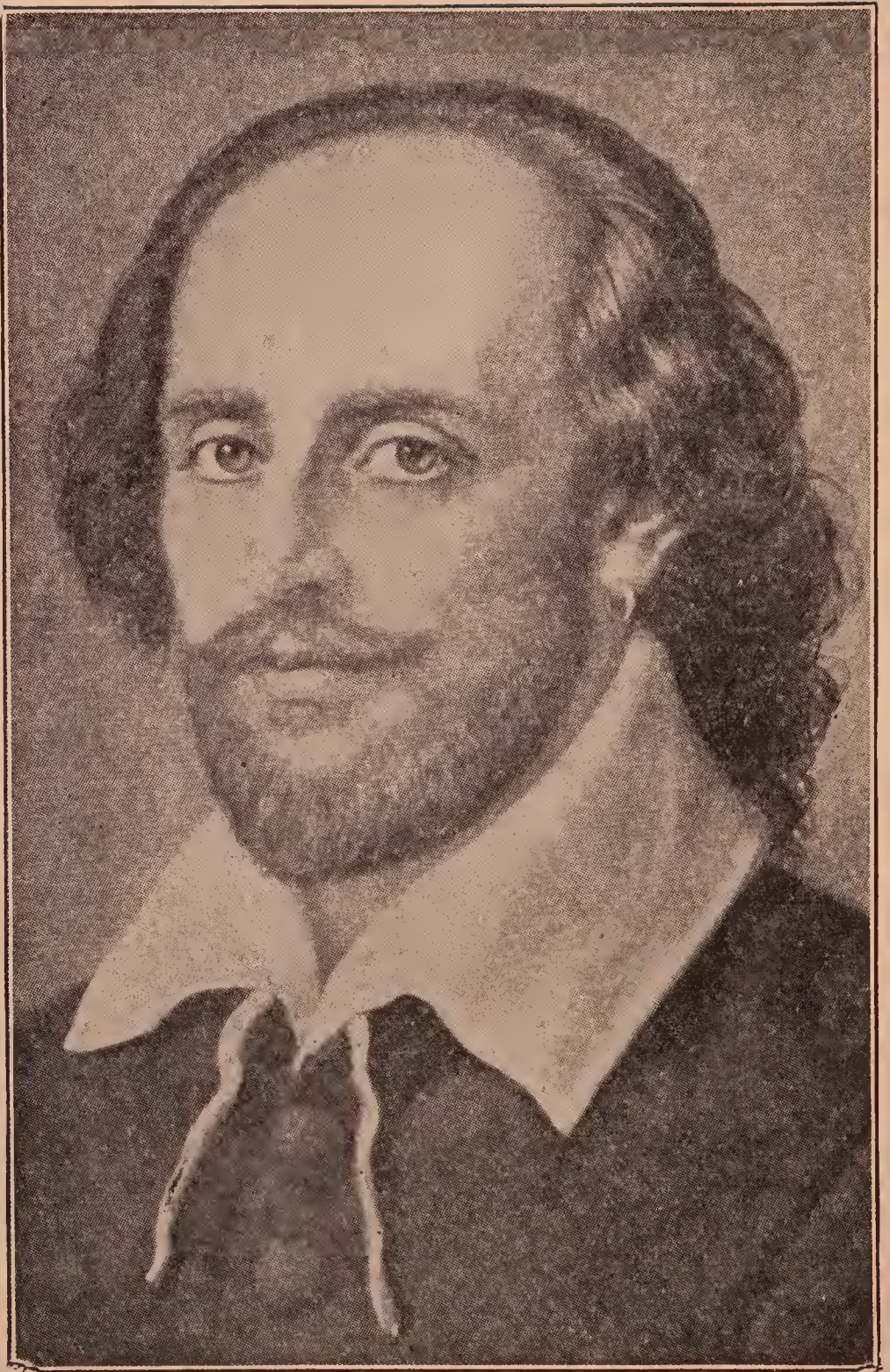


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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE WESTERN SERIES OF ENGLISH AND

AMERICAN CLASSICS

Twelfth Night

By

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

S. R. HADSELL

*Professor of English in
The University of Oklahoma*

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TO THE READER'

If you will read or study this play carefully, you will be amused, entertained, and instructed. It is necessary for you to put yourself in the place of Shakespeare who created it. It is necessary for you to put yourself in the place of the Elizabethans who enjoyed it in the English theatre in the sixteenth century. It is necessary for you to enter into the spirit of the comedy as if you were an actor or a character in it.

If we were inviting you to enter London or Paris instead of Illyria, we might tell you in advance what to look for and what you should not miss. In the same way let us suggest some of the elements in this play which you should not miss. You will make many discoveries for yourself, but we wish to stimulate your interest, awaken your curiosity, and give you a motive for *alert* reading.

In the first place, look alive. Keep your eyes and ears open. Reading is a kind of riddling, for often the author hides secrets from those who have not sharp eyes. Reading poetry is like playing the game of "I Spy." Do you think you have eyes to see all that Shakespeare has half revealed and half concealed, all that he has hidden in "plain sight"?

Do not miss the point that Shakespeare is telling a good story in a dramatic way. By means of actors talking and moving upon a stage, he has created an illusion of life. Turn your imagination into a projecting machine like the one in a moving picture theatre and project the characters into living people. Visualize the street in Illyria a long time ago. Visualize

ⁱThe reader may be a pupil in the high school, a student in college, or a self-taught reader.

the sea-coast and the shipwreck. Visualize the garden of Olivia and the home of the Duke. Visualize the parts of Olivia's house where Sir Toby and Sir Andrew hold forth and where Maria and the clown play practical jokes upon Malvolio. This will call your attention to the setting.

There is plenty of plot in this play. Do not miss that. A pair of twins can always produce amusing situations. Since one here is a woman, the other a man, and since the woman disguises as a man, the plot thickens. Notice how the strands of the story become tangled, and with what skill the strands are at last untangled. Why is it that the story cannot stand still after it begins? Watch the special work which each act does. See if the first act introduces you to the characters and tells you what their troubles are. See if affairs begin to get tangled in the second act, more complicated in the third. Possibly the third act will begin the solution of the complexities, but the fourth may slow down the movement and throw you off the track if you thought you knew how the story would end. See if the fifth act contains surprises, and if it unties all knots and leaves you satisfied.

If it takes all kinds of people to make a world, it also takes several kinds of people to make a play. The desires and actions of different, pronounced individuals will cross or oppose each other. See if we have normal people here, people with exaggerated personalities as well as fools and servants and some who only fill in the tableaux. It is necessary to understand that there was once a theory that you could classify a man by his ruling passion, his "Humour." "Humourous" characters then were types. These characteristics are revealed plainly. For example Sir Toby and Malvolio are easier to understand than Viola.

Many of these people seem to pose, to be artificial. The Duke poses as a lover. Olivia poses as a mourner. Sir Andrew poses as a graceful courtly gentleman. Sir Toby poses as a sober man. We laugh at these people for trying to be what we see they are not. In the fifth act most of these posers take off their masks and become human, normal, lovable, wholesome folk.

Shakespeare was audacious in the use of language. The Elizabethans, too, used language as if they enjoyed it. There was a rich period in vocabulary. As we look back three hundred years to their words, we see them as coins newly minted; we realize too how words change by taking on new meanings and by dropping some of the old. The similies, metaphors, images, and phrases of all kinds will bear watching. A poet is always concrete, he *sees* with the eye of imagination. If any passage seems to you to be abstract and general and meaningless, study the words and figures of speech a moment. To your surprise and delight a picture will appear before you. Shakespeare enjoyed pictures, he thought in pictures, he was a poet dramatist. Do not miss the poetry and the rich language in this play. There is swearing here, and slang, and colloquial phrases, and borrowed phrases which seem to sound fine to those who use them, and fine dignified simple speeches worth memorizing. Learn to discriminate.

When one visits a strange city which has been praised in his hearing, he wonders if that city will impress him as it impresses others. If it does not, he should not pretend that it does for social reasons. Thousands have enjoyed *Twelfth Night*. Do you see in it what others see, what trained observers see? Do you see something for yourself which others have overlooked? Do not be one who cannot see the wood because of the trees, or one who cannot see the trees

because of the wood. If this play is good, it is good as a whole and it is good in details. Look at a fine piece of furniture. How does it strike you as it sits in its place in a room? Do you like its general appearance? Examine it closely. The scholar, the critic, the carpenter, the designer, the artist always looks closely. Can you say that the carving, the workmanship, the finish are good? Does the piece reveal something of the soul of an honest workman? Judge, or learn to judge, a play by Shakespeare in the same way.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

We are setting forth an outline of the life of Shakespeare in a form which you can remember. We divide the life into periods of ten years for this reason.

THE FIRST TEN YEARS 1564-1574

Birth 1564

Baptized April 26, 1564. Lived in Stratford on-the-Avon. Possibly went to Grammar School, because his father was well to do, a member of the town council, and able to send him. As a boy, probably helped in his father's trade of butcher, mercer, glover.

THE SECOND DECADE 1574-1584

Shakespeare's father not prosperous.

1582 Shakespeare married to Anne Hathaway (Shakespeare 19, his wife 27).

1583 A daughter, Susanna, baptized at Stratford.

1584 Twins, Hamnet and Judith, a boy and a girl, baptized.

The tradition arose (first reported nearly one hundred years after Shakespeare's death) that Shakespeare stole deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy near Stratford. Biographers hint at this period as that of Shakespeare's "wild oats," and reason that this is why he left Stratford for London. Of course the city may have attracted him anyway.

THE THIRD DECADE 1584-1594

Shakespeare interested in dramatic performances.

1587 Shakespeare in London, possibly engaged in some kind of work around the theatres. There is a story that he held the horses of gentlemen who came to the play. Soon associated with a company of players, Lord Strange's men. He probably acted at the Rose, The Curtain, Newington Butts, and at the play-house called The

Theatre. He was acting and revising and composing plays, no doubt.

- 1592 Attacked by Robert Greene in print. The article shows the jealousy of Greene and the progress Shakespeare had made as a player and writer. In this period, Shakespeare wrote two important narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*.

THE FOURTH DECADE 1594-1604

- By 1596 Shakespeare was able to help his father financially.
- 1596 Hamnet, the only son died.
- 1597 Bought the largest house in Stratford.
- 1598 Francis Meres made a list of the plays by Shakespeare which were successful and popular.
- 1599 Shakespeare was a stockholder in the Globe Theatre. Engaged in lawsuits and the investment of money.
- 1601 His father died.
- 1602 Shakespeare bought 107 acres of land adjoining his estate in Stratford.

This is a period of great literary activity. Shakespeare's Sonnets were written in this decade. Plays as follows were written and produced:

- 1590-92 *Henry the Sixth*, all parts;
 1590-91 *A Comedy of Errors*;
 1590-91 *Loves Labours Lost*;
 1591-92 *Two Gentlemen of Verona*;
 1592-93 *Richard the Third*;
 1592-93 *King John*;
 1593-94 *Titus Andronicus*;
 1593-94 *A Midsummer Night's Dream*;
 1594-97 *Romeo and Juliet*;
 1594-95 *Richard the Second*;
 1594-96 *The Merchant of Venice*;

- 1596-97 *The Taming of the Shrew*;
 1597-98 *King Henry the Fourth*;
 1598-99 *The Merry Wives of Windsor*;
 1599 *King Henry the Fifth*;
 1599 *Much Ado About Nothing*;
 1599-1600 *As You Like It*;
 1599-1600 *Julius Caesar*;
 1601 *TWELFTH NIGHT*;
 1602-04 *Hamlet*;
 1602-04 *All's Well that Ends Well*;
 1603 *Measure for Measure*;
 1604 *Othello*.

THE FIFTH DECADE 1604-1614

Plays continued:

- 1605-06 *King Lear*;
 1606 *Macbeth*;
 1607-08 *Anthony and Cleopatra*;
 1607-08 *Timon of Athens*;
 1607-08 *Pericles*;
 1609 *Coriolanus*;
 1610 *Cymbeline*;
 1611 *A Winter's Tale*;
 1611 *The Tempest*;
 1612 *King Henry the Eighth*.

Shakespeare's mother died in 1608.

- 1604 Shakespeare was living in the house of Christopher Mountjoy at Cripplegate. This fact was brought out in a lawsuit in which Shakespeare was a witness. In this decade Shakespeare engaged in lawsuits on his own account to recover loans. His income was good.
- 1604 Shakespeare was named in a list of actors who were to receive a scarlet cloth to make suits for the royal procession through the city. These actors were called "grooms of the chamber."
- 1611 It is thought that Shakespeare had retired to

his estate in Stratford by this time.

1616 Shakespeare made his will, namely in favor of his daughter, Susanna Hall.

1616 Shakespeare died. He was buried in the church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford.

A review of this outline shows that the important facts in Shakespeare's life are his associations with the theatre. He was first a poet and then a dramatist. He began with comedies and plays based upon history, and continued with more serious comedies and tragedies. He was actor, playwright, and manager.

Aside from his main business in the theatre he was successful financially. He came from the country to London, made a name for himself and his family, cared for his parents, invested his money, established an estate in Stratford and retired there to die. Shakespeare's mind and spirit is best revealed to us, however, through his own writings.

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

Twelfth Night was first printed in the folio of 1623. Some of the other plays were printed in quarto form before they were edited for the first folio.¹ The present text has been compared line for line with that of a facsimile of the first folio. Where possible the punctuation of the early editors was kept.

This play was mentioned in a diary of John Manningham, Feb. 1601-02. The list by Francis Meres made in 1598 does not mention this play. These facts help to date it. 1601 is usually given as the date of *Twelfth Night*.

The source is not altogether certain, but students have noted likenesses in Italian plays and novels. Two Italian plays with the title, *Gl' Iganni* have been compared with this play. The comedy *Gl' Igannti* (The Deceived) contains a similar plot. A novel of Bandello (1480-1562) No. 28, dated 1554, was translated into French by Belleforest. An English version *Apolonius and Silla* was published by Barnaby Riche in 1581. A German play, *Tugena und Liebestreit*, 1677 is thought to be from a play which was also the source of Riche's version. A good many

¹A quarto was a book one-fourth the size of a sheet of printing paper. The sheet was folded twice. Since book paper was not always of the same size, quartos may vary. The size to-day is 9 1/2 by 12 inches.

A folio was a book made by folding a sheet of book paper once. It was therefore, a book of the largest size. The first folio of Shakespeare (the first collected edition of his plays) was made by two friends and fellow actors, John Heming and Henry Condell. This book is very rare and valuable, but facsimiles of it may be seen in all large libraries.

scholars think Shakespeare's main source was *Apolonius and Silla*.

The play seems to have been prepared for a Twelfth Night celebration, that is, for the evening of the twelfth day after Christmas, Epiphany. The subtitle was "What you Will."

In the revival of Shakespeare in the Eighteenth century this play was popular, and it has remained popular wherever Shakespeare has been played and enjoyed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE, }
CURIO, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *a foolish knight, pretending to Olivia.*

MALVOLIO, *a fantastical steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, }
FESTE, *a Clown,* } *servants to Olivia.*

OLIVIA, *a lady of great beauty and fortune, beloved by the Duke.*

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

MARIA, *confidante to Olivia.*

Priests, Sailors, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE—*A city on the coast of Illyria.*

¹Not in the folio; first given by Rowe.

Twelfth Night or What You Will

ACT I

SCENE I

An apartment in the DUKE'S palace

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians
attending*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it: that surfeiting,*
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again, it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets;
Stealing and giving odour. Enough, no more,
'T is not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10
Receiveth as the sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement, and low price,
Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high* fantastical.¹

Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What Curio?

Curio. The hart.

¹The text has been compared line by line with a facsimile of the first folio. Spelling is modernized and many capitals reduced; the punctuation is mainly that of the folio.

*In the first Act only, words are starred which the pupil should look up in the glossary.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
 O when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought² she purg'd* the air of pestilence; 20
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
 And my desires like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me. How now! what news
 from her?

Enter VALENTINE

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
 But from her handmaid do return this an-
 swer:
 The element* itself, till seven years' heat,³
 Shall not behold her face at ample* view:
 But, like a cloistress,* she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round 30
 With eye-offending brine: all this to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep
 fresh
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine
 frame
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her. When liver, brain, and
 heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied,
 and fill'd
 Her sweet perfections with one self king: 40
 Away before me, to sweet beds of flowers;
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with
 bowers.

Exeunt

²Methought, in the folio *me thought*, the words mean *It seemed to me*.

³Malone suggested that heat is a participle meaning heated. [for seven summers?]

SCENE II

[*The Sea-coast*]¹*Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors**Viola.* What country (friends) is this?*Capt.* This is Illyria,* lady.*Viola.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.*

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you,
sailors?*Capt.* It is perchance* that you yourself were
sav'd.*Viola.* Oh, my poor brother! and so perchance
may he be.*Capt.* True madam, and to comfort you with
chance,Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saved with
you 10Hung on our driving boat; I saw your broth-
er,Most provident in peril, bind himself,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the
practice),To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion^{2*} on the dolphin's* back;
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.*Viola.* For saying so, there's gold:Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Knowest thou this country?¹Rowe suggests a street.²The folio has *Orion*; corrected by Pope. Could a sailor
sit upon a dolphin's back?

Capt. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this place.

Viola. Who governs here?

Capt. A noble duke, in nature, as in name.

Viola. What is his name?

Capt. Orsino.

Viola. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Capt. And so is now, or was so very late: 30
But a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur as, you
know

What great ones do the less will prattle of,
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Viola. What's she?

Capt. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leav-
ing her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly died: for whose dear love,
(They say) she hath adjur'd the sight 40
And company of men.

Viola. O, that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world
Till I had made mine own occasion* mellow,
What my estate is.³

Capt. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Viola. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain,
And though that nature, with a beauteous
wall

Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee

³Viola seems to say, "I wish I could serve that lady un-
known for awhile; until I am ready to reveal myself."

I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50
 With this thy fair and outward character.
 I prithee (and I'll pay thee bounteously)
 Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 For such disguise as haply shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke,
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch* to him
 It may be worth thy pains: for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit, 60
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Capt. Be you his eunuch, and your mute* I'll be,
 When my tongue* blabs,⁴ then let mine eyes
 not see.

Viola. I thank thee: lead me on. *Exeunt*

SCENE III

OLIVIA'S house¹

Enter SIR TOBY, and MARIA

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
 the death of her brother thus? I am sure
 care's an enemy to life.

Maria. By my troth Sir Toby, you must come in
 earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes
 great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.²

Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself with-
 in the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than 10
 I am: these clothes are good enough to drink

⁴Probably a dignified word when Shakespeare wrote.

¹Place suggested by Rowe, an early editor.

²A legal phrase which Sir Toby has heard. How would
 a drunken man say it?

in, and so be these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Maria. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday: and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Augecheek?

Maria. Aye, he.

Sir To. He's as tall* a man as any 's in Illyria. 20

Maria. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats* a year.

Maria. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool and a prodigal.*

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so: he plays o' the violde-gamboys,* and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Maria. He hath indeed, almost natural:³ for besides that he's a fool, he's a greater quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave. 30

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Maria. They that add,⁴ moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company. 40

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in

³Maria is punning upon the word natural. A fool was called a natural.

⁴Note the play upon *substractors* and *add*.

my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a covstrill* that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.⁵ What, wench?* *Castiliano vulgo*;⁶ for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

Sir An. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew. 50

Sir An. Bless you, fair shrew.*

Maria. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir An. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir An. Good Mistress accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Maria. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir An. Good Mistress Mary, accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight:¹ accost, is front 60
her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir An. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Maria. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. And thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir An. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again: Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand? 70

Maria. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

⁵The figure "turning like a top" is plain. Villages did keep a top to be whipped or spun.

⁶The editors make little of this phrase; two pages in the Variorum edition do not explain it. We suspect Sir Toby did not know what he meant.

Sir An. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Maria. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the butter-bar and let it drink.

Sir An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) what's your metaphor?

Maria. It's dry, sir.

Sir An. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, 80
but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Maria. A dry jest, sir.

Sir An. Are you full of them?

Maria. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry,* now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir An. Never in your life, I think; unless you 90
see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir An. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*,* my dear knight?

Sir An. What is *pourquoi*? Do or not do? 100
I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir An. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by⁷ nature.

Sir An. But it becomes me well enough, dost not?

110

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff: and I hope to see a housewife take thee and spin it off.

Sir An. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit: I have heard her swear't. Tut, 120 there's life in 't man.

Sir An. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws,⁸ knight?

Sir An. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man. 130

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard,^{*} knight?

Sir An. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.⁹

⁷Theobald emendation; perhaps, too, tongue was pronounced like tong; hence a pun. The folio text has "cool my nature."

⁸Kickshaws from French *quelque chose*, freely, meaning trifles.

⁹Catch the pun here. Capers were eaten with boiled mutton.

Sir An. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's¹⁰ pictures? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? * My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under a star of a galliard. 140

Sir An. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd-coloured stock.¹¹ Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus? 150

Sir An. Taurus!* That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! *Exeunt*

SCENE IV

*The DUKE'S palace*¹

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced, he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humour, or my negli-

¹⁰An allusion to a famous woman of the time in thieves wills, one Moll Cutpurse.

¹¹Flame-coloured is Rowe's suggestion; the text has dam-coloured, and no one knows what it means.

¹Rowe.

gence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

10

Viola. On your attendance, my lord here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto
her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

20

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Viola. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what
then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's* of more grave aspect.

Viola. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's* lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small
pipe

30

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.

I know thy constellation* is right apt²
For this affair: some four or five attend
him,

All, if you will: for I myself am best
When least in company;—prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Viola. I'll do my best 40

To woo your lady: yet, a barful strife,
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.³

Exeunt

SCENE V

OLIVIA'S *house*¹

Enter MARIA and CLOWN

Maria. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle
may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will
hang thee for thy absence.

Clown. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged
in this world needs to fear no colours.*

Maria. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Maria. A good lanten* answer: I can tell thee
where that saying was born, of 'I fear no 10
colours.'

Clown. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Maria. In the wars; and that may you be bold
to say in your foolery.

²I know that the stars which govern your fortunes are right for this affair. Perhaps she was born under a lucky star.

³If Viola follows the Duke out the last lines of her speech can be said to the audience without the Duke's hearing.

¹Place, by Rowe here. No stage direction needed.

Clown. Well, God give them wisdom that have it: and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Maria. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage: and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.² 20

Maria. You are resolute, then?

Clown. Not so neither, but I am resolved on two points.*

Maria. That if one break, the other will hold: or, if both break, your gaskins* fall.

Clown. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.³

Maria. Peace,* you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. *Exit* 30

Enter LADY OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO

Clown. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling: those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools: and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus, 'better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

God bless thee, lady.

Oliv. Take the fool away.

²Possibly he means "If I am to be turned away, summer is a good time for that."

³The clown knows that Sir Toby has made love to Maria, therefore, he teases her about Sir Toby.

Clown. Do you not hear, fellows, take away the lady. 40

Oliv. Go to, you 're a dry fool: I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher* mend him: anything that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin: and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away. 50

Oliv. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*;⁴ that 's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool. 60

Oliv. Can you do it?

Clown. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oliv. Make your proof.

Clown. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oliv. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clown. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oliv. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna. 70

⁴The cowl does not make the monk.

Oliv. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oliv. What think you of this fool, Malvolio, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity for the better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool. 80

Oliv. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.* 90

Oliv. Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool,⁵ though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clown. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,* 100 for thou speakest well of fools!

⁵A licensed fool.

Re-enter MARIA

Maria. Madam, there is at the gate, a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oliv. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Maria. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Oliv. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Maria. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oliv. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; fie on him. [*Exit MARIA*] 110
Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clown. Thou hast spoke for us,⁶ madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove* cram with brains, for here he⁷ comes. One of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY

Oliv. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin? 120

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oliv. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here. A plague 'o these pickle-herring, how now, sot.

Clown. Good Sir Toby.

Oliv. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?*

Sir To. Lechery I defy lechery: there 's one at the gate.

Oliv. Ay, marry, what is he? 130

⁶Thy son and me, as well as yourself?

⁷Jove, that is, the Jovial Sir Toby?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one.

Exit

Oliv. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oliv. Go thou and see the crowner,* and let him sit 'o my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool 140 shall look to the madman. *Exit*

Re-enter MALVOLIO

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oliv. Tell him he shall not speak with me. 150

Mal. Has been told so: and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oliv. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oliv. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.⁸

Oliv. Of what personage and years is he?

⁸Is Malvolio witty in his punning or stupid?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young 160
 enough for a boy; as a squash* is before 't is
 a peascod,* or a codling* when 't is almost an
 apple: 't is with him in standing water, be-
 tween boy and man. He is very well favoured
 and he speaks very shrewishly:* one would
 think his mother's milk were scarce out of
 him.

Oliv. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *Exit*

Re-enter MARIA

Oliv. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my
 face. We 'll once more hear Orsino's em-
 bassy.* 170

[*Enter VIOLA and Attendants*]

Viola. The honourable lady of the house, which
 is she?

Oliv. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your
 will.

Viola. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable
 beauty. I pray you, tell me if this be the
 lady of the house, for I never saw her: I
 would be loath to cast away my speech: for
 besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I
 have taken great pains to con* it. Good
 beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very 180
 comptible,* even to the least sinister* usage.⁹

Oliv. Whence came you, sir?

Viola. I can say little more than I have studied,
 and that question 's out of my part. Good,

⁹Perhaps the ladies of the court giggled at Viola's speech; therefore he said, "let me sustain no scorn, etc." The situation is amusing.

gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house that I may proceed in my speech.

Oliv. Are you a comedian?

Viola. No, my profound* heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house? 190

Oliv. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself: for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from¹⁰ my commission: I will on¹¹ with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oliv. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Viola. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical. 200

Oliv. It is the more like to be feign'd, I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Maria. Will you hoist sail, sir, here lies your way.

Viola. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant,¹² sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger. 210

Oliv. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Away from, outside of.

¹¹Go on.

¹²A joke; Maria was small.

Viola. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Oliv. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Viola. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me 220
have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am and what I would, are as secret as maidenhood; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oliv. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt MARIA and Attendants*]
Now, sir, what is your text?

Viola. Most sweet lady.

Oliv. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Viola. In Orsino's bosom. 230

Oliv. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Viola. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oliv. O I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oliv. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well 240
done? *Unveiling*

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oliv. 'T is in grain,⁴² sir, 't will endure wind and weather.

⁴²In grain, that is, fast in color, dyed in grain, deep-seated: cf. ingrain carpet, ingrain yard, etc.

Viola. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet, and cunning hand laid
on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oliv. Oh, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will 250
give out divers schedules of my beauty. It
shall be inventoried, and every particle and
utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips,
indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with
lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so
forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Viola. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair:
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were 260
crown'd
The nonpareil* of beauty!

Oliv. How does he love me?

Viola. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of
fire.

Oliv. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot
love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd,¹⁴ free, learn'd and
valiant;
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love
him;

¹⁴Of good reputation. The voices of the community-speak
well of him.

He might have took¹⁵ his answer long ago. 270

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life:
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oliv. Why, what would you?

Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons* of contemnéd love
And sing them loud even in the dead of
night:
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air 280
Cry out 'Olivia!' Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oliv. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Viola. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oliv. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless perchance* you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me. 290

Viola. I am no fee'd post,* lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall
love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt: farewell, fair cruelty. *Exit*

Oliv. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;

¹⁵Not an error in grammar in Shakespeare's day.

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and
spirit

Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:
soft, soft! 300

Unless the master were the man. How now;
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine yes. Well, let it be.

What ho, Malvolio!

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oliv. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's* man: he left this ring behind
him,

Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter* with¹⁶ his lord, 310

Nor hold him up with hopes; I'm not for him:

If that the youth will come this way to-
morrow,

I 'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Mal-
volio.

Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit*

Oliv. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not
owe;*

What is decreed must be, and be this so. *Exit*

¹⁶"to flatter with." suggests that both lord and servant might interchange or exchange flattery. The expression is akin to "to joke with," tell him not to exchange flattery with his lord, nor hold him up with hopes. Do not sooth his fears nor arouse his hopes.

ACT II

SCENE I

*The Sea-coast*¹

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

10

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended. But you, sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

20

Ant. Alas the day!

¹The street, Rowe; the seacoast, Capel (1761).

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more. 30

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O' good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's court, farewell. *Exit* 40

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee: I've many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. *Exit*

SCENE II

*A street*¹*Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir, on a moderate pace, I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you (sir) you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affair, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it so.² 10

Viola. She took the ring of me, I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *Exit*

Viola. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her:

She made good view of me, indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, 20

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

¹In the first act, words to be looked up in the glossary were starred. Hereafter, they are not.

²Capel. The folio did not name the location of scenes.

³Is there any suggestion that Malvolio is out of breath?

Invites me in this churlish messenger:
None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her
none;

I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream:
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false³
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms: 30
Alas, O frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her
dearly,
And I (poor monster) fond as much on him:
And she (mistaken) seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia
breathe?
O Time! thou must untangle this, not I, 40
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

SCENE III

OLIVIA'S *house*¹*Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW*

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed
after midnight is to be up betimes, and *dilu-*
culo surgere,² thou knowest.

³How easy is it for imitations to set its forms in wom-
ens' hearts.

¹Rowe.

²See glossary.

Sir An. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives³ consist of the four elements? 10

Sir An. Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say, a stoup of wine.

Enter CLOWN

Sir An. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts: did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass, now let's have a catch.

Sir An. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman, hadst it? 20

Clown. I did impeticos thy gratillity: for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses. 30

Sir An. Excellent: why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

³*Lives* for *life* may be an error; or Sir Toby may have been careless in grammar. Sir Andrew seems more careful.

Sir To. Come on, there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir An. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir An. Ay, ay. I care not for good life. 40

Clown. *sings.*

O mistress mine where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir An. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clown. *sings.*

What is love, 't is not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter: 50
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir An. A mellifluous⁴ voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir An. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? 60

Sir An. An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

⁴Perhaps *Sir An.* means *melodious*? *Mellifluous* will serve, however. But *contagious* does not fit well. A contagious breath was meant to suggest a captivating voice.

Clown. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir An. Most certain. 'Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clown. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight. I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir An. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 70
'Hold thy peace.'

Clown. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir An. Good, i' faith: Come, begin. *Catch sung*
Enter MARIA

Maria. What a caterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am I not consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady, 'There 80
dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.'

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir An. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. 'Oh, the twelfth day of December,'—

Maria. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? 90
Have you not wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches with-

out any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. 100

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'⁵

Maria. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clown. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.' 110

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clown. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clown. 'Oh, no, no, no, no, you dare not!'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir, ye lie: Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because 120 thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

⁵The folio does not print the speeches as parts of a song until we reach 'But I will never die.' The clown and Sir Toby were singing a song which was printed by Robert Jones in 1601.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain⁶ with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria.

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prize my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. *Exit*

Maria. Go shake your ears.

130

Sir An. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Maria. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

140

Sir To. Possess us, possess us;⁷ tell us something of him.

Maria. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir An. Oh, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

150

Sir An. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

⁶His claim was his badge of office; it could be polished with crumbs.

⁷Put us into possession of the secret.

Maria. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser, an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself: so crammed (as he thinks) with excellencies that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will my revenge find notable cause to work. 160

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Maria. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. 170

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.⁸

Sir An. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

Maria. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir An. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Maria. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir An. Oh, 't will be admirable.

Maria. Sport royal I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction

⁸"I smell a device," means I sense a plan or trick. The figure of speech involved is related to hunting with hounds.

of it: for this night, to bed, and dream on the event: Farewell. *Exit.*

Sir To. Good-night, Penthesilea.⁹

Sir An. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that? 190

Sir An. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir An. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.¹⁰

Sir An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 't is 200 too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The DUKE'S palace

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO and others

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last
night;

Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

⁹Queen of the Amazons, slain by Schiller. Would you call Maria an Amazon?

¹⁰Possibly an undesirable horse.

Curio. He is not here (so please your lordship)
that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? 10

Curio. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the
lady Olivia's father took much delight in.
He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Music plays.

Come hither boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this
tune? 20

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine
eye
Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Viola. Of your complexion.¹

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years,
i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still² the woman take 30
An elder than herself, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

¹This word does not refer to color; it may be translated temperament.

²still—always.

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very
hour. 40

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die even when they to perfection grow.

Enter CURIO and CLOWN

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread
with bones³
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,⁴
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.⁵

Clown. Are you ready, sir? 50

Duke. I prithee, sing. *Music.*

THE SONG

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid:
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it.
My part of death, no one so true did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin, let there be strown: 60

³Possibly maidens who knit lace with a bone bobbin as they sing.

⁴Plain, simple truth.

⁵Ancient times.

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me,
oh, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,
to weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing,
sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then. 70

Clown. Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid, one
time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now the melancholy God⁶ protect thee;
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would
have men of such constancy put to sea, that
their business might be every thing and their
intent every where; for that 's it that always
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. 80

Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.⁷ Once more,
Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon
her:

Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune:

⁶The clown may have no particular god in mind. The joke may consist in the suggestion that a melancholy god is a dark or black god. The speech emphasizes the changeableness of the Duke.

⁷An order for the servants to leave; it may be assumed that they obey.

But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks⁸ her in attracts my soul.

Viola. But if she cannot love you, sir.⁹

Duke. It cannot be so answer'd.¹⁰

Viola. Sooth, but you must. 90

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be an-
swer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate, 100

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea

And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Viola. Ay, but I know.

Duke. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, 110
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

⁸*prank*—to dress showily, or adorn. The Duke says he does not care for Olivia's wealth, but for her natural qualities of beauty and character.

⁹Not punctuated as a question in the folio. Viola's speech may be unfinished, or interrupted.

¹⁰It cannot be so answered, but you must be so answered. possibly, she cannot love you, sir.

Viola. A blank, my lord! She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in
thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,¹¹
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but
indeed

Our shows are more than will: for still we
prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love. 120

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola. I'm all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel: say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

Exeunt.

SCENE V

OLIVIA'S garden

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this
sport, let me be boiled to death with melan-
choly.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the nig-
gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some no-
table shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me

¹¹Do not overlook this often quoted simile.

out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew? 10

Sir An. And we do not, it 's pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

How now, my metal of India?¹

Maria. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio 's coming down this walk, he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery: for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. 20
Close, in the name of jesting, lie thou there: for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue.

Fab. Oh, peace:² Contemplation makes a rare 30
turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes.

Sir An. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.

¹Precious metal.

²O keep quiet.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue.

Sir An. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. 40

Sir An. Fie on him, Jezebel.

Fab. Oh, peace, now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state.

Sir To. Oh, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown: having come from a day-bed,³ where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone. 50

Fab. Oh, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and, after a demure travail of regard,⁴—telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby.—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles.

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace: now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start,⁵ make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with 60 my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with

³Possibly from sleeping late into the day.

⁴Scanning his officers gravely one by one (Variorum note. p. 162).

⁵Note the transferred epithet: with a sudden start of obedience.

cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech.' 70

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot?

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight.'

Sir An. That 's me, I warrant you. 80

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew.'

Sir An. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Taking up the letter

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.^o

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand. 90

Sir An. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal.

'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:'

Her very phrases. By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which

^oMay the spirit of humors suggest to him that he read it aloud.

she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal.

100

'Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.'

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered!

'No man must know; if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock.

Mal.

110

'I may command where I adore,

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore,

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him?

Sir To. And with what wing the Stallion checks⁷ 120 at it?

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this: and the end: what should that alphabetical position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me?'—Softly, *M, O, A, I.*

Sir To. O I make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

⁷Probably *staniel* a kind of falcon. *Wing* and *check* offer difficulty. See with what wing the falcon stops at it?

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though
it be as rank as a fox.⁸

Mal. M. Malvolio, M. Why, that begins my
name!

Fab. Did I not say he would work it out? the
cur is excellent at faults. 130

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the
sequel that suffers under probation: A
should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him
cry O!

Mal. And then I, comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you
might see more detraction at your heels than
fortunes before you. 140

Mal. M, O, A, I. This simulation is not as the
former: and yet, to crush this a little, it
would bow to me, for every one of these let-
ters are in my name. Soft, here follows
prose.

[*Reads*] *If this falls into thy hands, revolve.
In my stars I am above thee; but be not
afraid of greatness: some are become great,
some achieve greatness, and some have great-
ness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their
hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them;
and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to
be: cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. 150
Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with ser-
vants: let thy tongue tang arguments of
state; put thyself into the trick of singu-
larity. She thus advises thee that sighs for*

⁸Malvolio like a hound named Sowter a chase crys or
barks, as if he had found a new scent, when we all know
the joke.

*thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so. If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*⁹

The Fortunate Unhappy 160

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. 170
I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.*

⁹The folio does not break the letter here, does not change type, but the editors from Hanmer on have seen the close of the letter here.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. *Exit* 180

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.¹⁰

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir An. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but another jest.

Sir An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir An. Or o' mine either? 190

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,¹¹ and become thy bond-slave?

Sir An. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Maria. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

Maria. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it can-

¹⁰The shah of Persia.

¹¹Shall I play for my freedom with dice?

not but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir An. I'll make one too.

Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I

OLIVIA'S garden¹

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Viola. So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 10

Clown. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Viola. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them. 20

¹Place suggested by Pope. This scene is sometimes acted as a part of Act II.

Viola. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something; 30
but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it make you invisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly, she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Viola. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's. 40

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Viola. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Viola. By my troth, I'll tell thee I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Viola. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clown. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia,

sir, to bring Cressida to this Troilus.²

Viola. I understand you sir, 't is well begged.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is overworn. 60

Viola. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,

And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time:
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW

Sir. To. Save you, gentlemen.

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir An. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*³

Viola. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*⁴

Sir An. I hope sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house, my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.⁵

²Reference to the old story of Troy. See Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*.

³May God guard you sir.

⁴And you also (bowing) your servant.

⁵Not punctuated as a question in the folio.

Viola. I am bound to your niece sir, I mean she 80
is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs sir, put them in motion.

Viola. My legs do better understand me, sir,
than I understand what you mean by bidding
me, taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go sir, to enter.

Viola. I will answer you with gait and en-
trance, but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Most excellent accomplished lady, the
heavens rain odours on you. 90

Sir An. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain
odours;' well.

Viola. My matter hath no voice lady, but to
your own most pregnant and vouchsafed
ear.

Sir An. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:'
I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oliv. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me
to my hearing. *Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR AN-
DREW, and MARIA. Give me your hand, sir.

Viola. My duty, madam, and most humble ser- 100
vice.

Oliv. What is your name?

Viola. Cesario is your servant's name, fair
princess.

Oliv. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry
world

Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Viola. And he is yours, and his must needs be
yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant,
 madam.⁶

Oliv. For⁷ him, I think not on him: for his 110
 thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than filled
 with me!

Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle
 thoughts

On his behalf.

Oliv. Oh, by your leave, I pray you.

I bade you never speak again of him;
 But, would you undertake another suit
 I had rather hear you, to solicit that,
 Than music from the spheres.

Viola. Dear Lady:

Oliv. Give me leave beseech you: I did send,
 After the last enchantment you did here,
 A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse 120

myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
 Under your hard construction must I sit,
 To force that on you, in a shameful cun-
 ning,

Which you knew none of yours. What
 might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake
 And baited it with all th' unmuzzled
 thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one
 of your receiving

Enough is shown: a cypress,⁸ not a bosom,
 Hides my heart; so let me hear you speak.

⁶Servant often meant lover, that is, love's servant. Not the word play here.

⁷For as for.

⁸Olivia means that she has shown her heart, feelings too openly; cypress, a thin black lawn material.

Viola. I pity you.

Oliv. That's a degree to love. 130

Viola. No, not a grise^o: for 't is a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oliv. Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile
again:

Oh world, how apt the poor are to be proud?
If one should be a prey, how much better
To fall before the lion than the wolf?

Clock strikes

The clock upbraids me with the waste of
time.

Be not afraid good youth, I will not have
you:

And yet, when wit and youth is come to
harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man: 140
There lies your way, due west.

Viola. Then westward-ho:

Grace and good disposition attend your
ladyship.

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me:

Oliv. Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me?

Viola. That you do think you are not what you
are.

Oliv. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Viola. Then think you right: I am not what
I am.

Oliv. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Viola. Would it be better, madam, than I am? 150

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oliv. Oh, what a deal of scorn, looks beautiful?

^oIs there word play upon *degree* and *grise*? *Grise* means step or stairway. *Degree*, here means *grade* or *step*.

In the contempt and anger of his lip
A murderous guilt shows not itself more
soon,

Than love that would seem hid: love's night,
is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidenhood, honour, truth, and every
thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, 160
For that I woo, thou therefore has no
cause:

But rather reason thus with reason fetter;
Love sought, is good, but given unsought,
is better.

Viola. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam, never more,
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oliv. Yet come again: for thou perhaps mayest
move 170
That heart, which now abhors, to like his
love.

Exeunt

SCENE II

OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Sir An. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer:

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy rea-
son.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir An. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw 't i' the orchard.¹

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that.

Sir An. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir An. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver: you should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness: this was looked for at your hand, and this was balked; the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy. 20 30

Sir An. An 't be any way, it must be with valour,

¹The orchard was evidently the garden, or what we should call the garden.

for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist² as a politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew. 40

Sir An. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st³ him some thrice, it shall not be amiss, and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England,⁴ set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, 50 though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir An. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo⁵ go.

Exit SIR ANDREW

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

²The Brownists were dissenters from the established church. They followed Robert Brown, b 1550.

³Those were used in speaking to servants and inferiors.

⁴A famous large bed, 7 ft high, 10 ft 9 in. long, and 10 ft. 9 in. wide.

⁵Possibly his room, or some room in Olivia's house.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then: and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.⁶

Maria. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me; yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

70

Sir To. And cross-gartered.

Maria. Most villainously: like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church: I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

80

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt OMNES

⁶Another allusion to the small size of Maria.

SCENE III

*A Street**Enter* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your
pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
(more sharp than filéd steel) did spur me
forth;

And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voy-
age.)

10

But jealousy, what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a
stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,

I can no other answer make but thanks,

20

And thanks: and ever oft good turns

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:

But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,

You should find better dealing: What's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir, best first go see your lodg-
ing?

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials and the things of fame

30

That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me;

I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his
galleys

I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be
answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature, 40
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have since been answer'd in repay-
ing

What we took from them; which, for traffic's
sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out,
For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open. 50

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my
purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,¹
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your
knowledge

With viewing of the town: there shall you
have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy 60
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. *Exeunt*

¹Name of an inn.

SCENE IV

OLIVIA'S garden

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Oliv. I have sent after him, he says he'll come:
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud:

Where is Malvolio? he is sad¹ and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my for-
tunes:

Where is Malvolio?

Maria. He's coming, madam; but in very strange 10
manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oliv. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Maria. No, madam, he does nothing but smile:
your ladyship were best to have some guard
about you if he come; for, sure, the man is
tainted in 's wits.

Oliv. Go, call him hither. I am as mad as he.
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio? 20

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oliv. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady, I could be sad: this does make
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering, but what of that? If it please the
eye of one, it is with me as the very true
sonnet² is, 'Please one, and please all.'

¹Sad—heavy, or serious here, of sad-iron, a heavy iron.

²A reference to a popular ballad with the refrain "Please one, please all."

- Oliv.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee? 30
- Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.
- Oliv.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
- Mal.* To bed? ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.
- Oliv.* God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?
- Maria.* How do you, Malvolio? 40
- Mal.* At your request: yes, nightingales answer daws.
- Maria.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
- Mal.* 'Be not afraid of greatness;' 'twas well writ.
- Oliv.* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
- Mal.* 'Some are born great,'
- Oliv.* Ha!
- Mal.* 'Some achieve greatness,' 50
- Oliv.* What sayest thou?
- Mal.* 'and some have greatness thrust upon them.'
- Oliv.* Heaven restore thee.
- Mal.* 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—
- Oliv.* Thy yellow stockings?
- Mal.* 'And wished to see thee cross-garter'd.'
- Oliv.* Cross-garter'd?
- Mal.* 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to 60
be so;'
- Oliv.* Am I made?
- Mal.* 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
- Oliv.* Why this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant

Serv. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oliv. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. *Exit* 70

Mal. O ho! do you come near me now: no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs directly with the letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him: for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she: be 'opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity:' and consequently sets down the manner how: as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful. And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' 'fellow?' not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but 'fellow.' Why every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance: What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 80

ENTER SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?
If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and
Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak 90
to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you,
sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my pri-
vate: go off.

Maria. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within
him: did I not tell you? Sir Toby, my lady
prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal
gently with him: let me alone. How do you, 100
Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man,
defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to
mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Maria. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how
he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not be-
witched!

Fab. Carry his water to the nurse-woman.

Maria. Marry and it shall be done tomorrow morn-
ing if I live. My lady would not lose him for
more than I 'll say. 110

Mal. How now mistress?

Maria. O Lord!

Sir. To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the
way: do you not see you move him? let me
alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the
Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock?³ how dost thou, chuck? 120

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Maria. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Maria. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourself all: you are idle, shallow 130 things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. *Exit*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.⁴

Maria. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why we shall make him mad indeed. 140

Maria. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring

³Bawcock, from the French *beau coq*. We imagine that Toby pretended to be gentle as he would with a cock or a hen, and coaxed Malvolio so.

⁴Even his genius, that is his spirit, familiar spirit, has become imported with our plot. The comma after device was inserted by Rowe.

the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW

Fab. More matter for a May morning. 150

Sir An. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir An. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: but do read.

Sir To. Give me. *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.*

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow 160 of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. *I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. —*thou killest me like a rogue and a vil- 170 lain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well: and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK. If*

this letter move him not, his legs cannot:
I'll give it him.

Maria. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he 180
is now in some commerce with my lady, and
will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the
corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly:⁵ so
soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as
thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes
to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swag-
gering accent sharply twanged off, gives
manhood more approbation than ever proof
itself would have earned him. Away. 190

Sir An. Nay, let me alone for swearing. *Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the
behaviour of the young gentleman gives him
out to be of good capacity and breeding: his
employment between his lord and my niece
confirms no less: therefore this letter, being
so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror
in the youth: he will find it comes from a
clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge
by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a not- 200
able report of valour; and drive the gentle-
man (as I know his youth will aptly receive
it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage,
skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so
fright them both that they will kill one an-
other by the look, like cokatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them
way till he take leave, and presently after
him.

⁵A bailiff of the meanest kind, one that is employed in arrests—Johnson.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 210

Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA

Oliv. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on 't:
There 's something in me that reproves my
fault:

But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.

Viola. With the same 'haviour that your passion
bears.

Goes on my master's grief.

Oliv. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture:

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you: 220
And I beseech you come again tomorrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour (sav'd) may upon asking give.

Viola. Nothing but this, your true love for my
master.

Oliv. How with mine honour may I give him that
which I have given to you?

Viola. I will acquit you.

Oliv. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Exit

Enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee. 230

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to
't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast
done him, I know not: but thy interceptor,
full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends

thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck,⁶ be yare⁷ in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Viola. You mistake sir I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. 240

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Viola. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration,⁸ but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement 250 at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Viola. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out 260 of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake

⁶Draw thy sword. A tuck was a small rapier.

⁷Yare means ready, nimble.

⁸Carpet consideration—a reference to carpet knights, courtiers dubbed knights, not on the field of battle, but on the court. Sir A. was not a warrior.

that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle⁹ you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Viola. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know 270 of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signor Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *Exit*

Viola. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read 280 him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Viola. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *Exeunt* 290

Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.¹⁰ I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the

⁹Meddle means mix or engage.

¹⁰May be Sir Toby means virago, though that would apply to a woman.

stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable: and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir An. Pox on 't. I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: 300
Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir An. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. 310

Enter FABIAN and VIOLA

[*To FABIAN*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He^u is as horribly conceited of him: and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To VIOLA*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you. 320

Viola. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

^uOf course the antecedent of *he* is the youth.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy, the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir An. Pray God, he keep his oath.

330

Viola. I do assure you, 't is against my will.

[*They draw*]

Enter ANTONIO

Ant. Put up your sword: If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more. Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*They draw*] 340

Enter Officers

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Viola. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir An. Marry, will I, sir: and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man: do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

350

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well: Though now you have no sea-cap on your head:

Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To VIOLA*] This comes with seeking you:

But there's no remedy: I shall answer it:

What will you do: now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves
me

Much more for what I cannot do for you.

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd:

But be of comfort.

360

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me
here,

And, part, being prompted by your present
trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not
much;

I'll make divison of my present with you:

Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? 370

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my
misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Viola. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 380

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did
promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by:
away!

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this god! 390
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good features
shame.

In nature, there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad: away with him:
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. *Exit with Officers*

Viola. Methinks his words do from such passion
fly

That he believes himself: so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true 400

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
most sage saws.

Viola. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in
love. *Exit*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more 410

a coward than a hare:¹² his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir An. 'Slid,¹³ I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword. *Exit*

Sir An. An I do not,—

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. *Exeunt*

¹²Look up *coward* in a dictionary. There is a possible play upon words here.

¹³From an oath, "by God's lid." Watch the outcome of this threat.

ACT IV

Before OLIVIA'S house

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN

Clown. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i' faith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose either. Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else, 10
Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly: he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney:¹ I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady? Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.
These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.²

¹You will make me believe next that the great round world is only a small hen-egg?

²The irony is plain. It would take a good while to get a good report if one depended on fools. Land was valued by what the annual rental would be for twelve years, usually.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN

Sir An. Now, sir, have I met you again: there's for you. *Striking* SEBASTIAN

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Beating SIR ANDREW

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. 30

Exit

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir An. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on. 40

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA

Oliv. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oliv. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preached: out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario. 50

Rudesby,³ be gone!

Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless
pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou there-
by

Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose
but go:

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream? 60

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oliv. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou 'dst be
ruled by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oliv. Oh, say so, and so be. *Exeunt*

SCENE II

OLIVIA'S house

Enter MARIA and CLOWN

Maria. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this
beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas
the curate; do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby
the whilst. *Exit*

Clown. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble
myself in 't; and I would I were the first that

³Doesn't Olivia make up a name to call Sir Toby, here?

ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student: to be said an honest man and a good house-keeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.¹ 10

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Monsieur Parson.

Clown. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being Monsieur Parson, am Monsieur Parson; for what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clown. What ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within*] Who calls there? 20

Clown. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexed thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?²

Sir To. Well said, Monsieur Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness. 30

Clown. Fie, thou dishonest Satan: I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself

¹Confederates or conspirators.

²The clown pretends that he is driving the fiend out of Malvolio; madmen were said to be possessed of a devil.

with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes,³ and the clear-stories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas, I say to you this house is dark. 40

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl? 50

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well. 60

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

³Of course not transparent at all. Is ebony light, moreover?

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters.⁴

Maria. Thou mightest have done this without thy beard and gown, he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he be conveniently delivered, I would he were; 70
for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. *Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA*

Clown. [*Singing*]

*Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how my lady does.*⁵

Mal. Fool!

Clown. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool.

Clown. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say! 80

Clown. She loves another. Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clown. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits fool, as thou art. 90

Clown. But as well: then you are mad indeed,

⁴Up to any kind of tricks. I can play any part.

⁵An old ballad.

if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me: Keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore: endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.⁶

Mal. Sir Topas. 100

Clown. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to find some light and some paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day that you were, sir. 110

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will held you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

⁶No one would win the point here that the clown is using two voices, playing two parts in the dark.

Clown. [Singing]

*I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir
I'll be with you again:
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain.
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil.*

130

Exit

SCENE III

OLIVIA'S garden

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me
thus.

Yet 't is not madness. Where's Antonio,
then?

I could not find him at the Elephant:

Yet there he was; and there I found this
credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out. 10
His counsel now might do me golden service,
For though my soul disputes well with my
sense,

That this may be some error, but no mad-
ness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instances, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades
me

20

To any other trust but that I'm mad
Or else the lady's mad: yet if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her
followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable
bearing

As I perceive she does: there 's something
in 't

That is deceivable. But here the lady comes. 30

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST

Oliv. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean
well,

Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it

Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, 40
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oliv. Then lead the way, good father; and
heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Exeunt

ACT V

Before OLIVIA'S house

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and LORDS

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow? 10

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes. 20

Duke. Why this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me:
there's gold. 30

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing,
sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. Oh, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for
this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much sinner, to be a
double-dealer; there's another.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio* is a good play;
and the old saying is, the third pays for all:
the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure: 40
or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put
you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me
at this throw: if you will let your lady know
I am here to speak with her, and bring her
along with you, it may awake my bounty
further.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I
come again. I go, sir; but I would not
have you to think that my desire of having
is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say,
sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake
it anon. *Exit*

Viola. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue
me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers

Duke. That face of his I do remember well,
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable; 60
With which such scathful grapple did he
make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the
matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from
Candy;

And this is he that did the Tiger board, 70
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and
state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Viola. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon
me,

I know not what 't was but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their
mercies 80

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you
give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground
enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me
hither: 90

That most ungrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy
mouth

Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,

All his in dedication¹ for his sake
 Did I expose myself (pure for his love)
 Into the danger of this adverse town,
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset 100
 Where, being apprehended, his false cunning,

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,²

And grew a twenty years removed thing
 While one would wink: denied me mine own
 purse,

Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before. 110

Viola. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord: and for three months
 before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and ATTENDANTS

Duke. Here comes the countess, now heaven
 walks on earth:

But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are
 madness: 120

Three months this youth hath tended upon
 me,

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oliv. What would my lord, but that he may not
 have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Viola. Madam:

Duke. Gracious Olivia.

¹Note the transferred epithet. All was dedicated to him.

²Face me out—deny me.

Oliv. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord. 130

Viola. My lord would speak, my duty hushes
me.

Oliv. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oliv. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness: you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath 140
breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I
do?

Oliv. Even what it pleases my lord, that shall
become him.

Duke. Why should I not (had I the heart to
do it)
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly) But hear 150
me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your
favour:

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender
dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, 160
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe
in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Viola. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oliv. Where goes Cesario?

Viola. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my 170
life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love
wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love.

Oliv. Ay me, detested, how am I beguil'd?

Viola. Who does beguile you? who does do you
wrong?

Oliv. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke Come, away! 180

Oliv. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,
stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oliv. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Viola. No, my lord, not I.

Oliv. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou 190
art

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter PRIEST

Oh, welcome father:

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe: what thou dost know

Hath newly passed between this youth, and
me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands, 200
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your
rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
my grave
I've travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub: what wilt thou
be 210
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine over-
throw;
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never
meet.

Viola. My lord, I do protest.

Oliv. Oh, do not swear,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much 220
fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

Sir An. For the love of God, a surgeon! send
one presently to Sir Toby.

Oliv. What's the matter?

Sir An. He has broke my head across, and has
given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too; for
the love of God, your help! I had rather
than forty pounds I were at home.

Oliv. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir An. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we 230

took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman Cesario?

Sir An. 'Od's lifelings, here he is: You broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Viola. Why do you speak to me, I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause,

240

But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir An. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but, if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one; has hurt me, and there's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, 250 sot?

Clown. Oh, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures panyⁿ:³ I hate a drunken rogue.

Oliv. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir An. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

260

Sir To. Will you help? 'an ass-head and a cox-

³*panyn*. This may mean a kind of a dance if *panyn* is a misprint for *pavin*; it may be only a drunken speech.

comb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oliv. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.
Exeunt CLOWN, FABIAN, SIR TOBY,
and SIR ANDREW

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and 270
by that

I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, (sweet one) even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee! 280

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fears't thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oliv. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that diety in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have 290
devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Viola. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother, too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed; 300
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, 'Thrice welcome, drownéd Viola!'

Viola. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Viola. And died that day when Viola from her
birth

Had numbered thirteen years. 310

Seb. Oh, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola. If nothing lets⁴ to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose 320
gentle help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To OLIVIA] so comes it, lady, you have
been mistook:

⁴In the sense of *hinders*. Compare a let ball, that is an obstructed or hindered ball in tennis.

But Nature to her bias drew in that.
 You would have been contracted to a maid;
 Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man. 330

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.
 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
 [To VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a
 thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I overswear;
 And all those swearings keep as true in soul
 As doth that orbéd continent the fire
 That severs day from night.⁵ 340

Duke. Give me thy hand;
 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain that did bring me first on
 shore
 Hath my maid's garments: he upon some
 action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
 A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oliv. He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio
 hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me, 350
 They say, poor gentleman, he's much dis-
 tract.

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
 From my remembrance, clearly banish'd his.
 How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
 stave's end as well as a man in his case may

⁵The sun; the moon was reputed to be less constant.

do: has here writ a letter to you, I should 360
have given't to you to-day morning; but as a
madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills
not much when they are delivered.

Oliv. Open 't, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edified when the
fool delivers the madman.—

[*Reads*] *By the Lord, madam—*

Oliv. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, 370
you must allow *Vox*.^o

Oliv. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clown. So I do madonna: but to read his right
wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my
princess, and give ear.

Oliv. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN]

Fab. [*Reads*] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong
me and the world shall know it: though you
have put me into darkness and given your
drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the
benefit of my sensès as well as your lady-
ship. I have your own letter that induced me
to the semblance I put on; with the which I
doubt not but to do myself much right, or
you much shame. Think of me as you please.
I leave my duty a little unthought of, and
speak out of my injury*

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oliv. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam. 390

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oliv. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him
hither. *Exit FABIAN*

My lord, so please you, these things further

^oPerhaps *voice, elocution.* The clown is a mimic.

thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on 't, so
please you,

Here at my house and at my proper⁷ cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt⁸ t' embrace your 400
offer.

[*To VIOLA*] Your master quits you; and for your
service done him.

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oliv. A sister, you are she.

Enter MALVOLIO

Duke. Is this the madman? 410

Oliv. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oliv. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 't is not your seal, nor your invention: 420
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour,

⁷At my own expense.

⁸Willing.

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to
you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, 430
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oliv. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 't is Maria's hand,
First told me thou wast mad; then camest
in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presup- 440
pos'd

Upon thee in the letter: prithee, be content:
And now I do bethink me, it was she
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee:

But when we know the grounds and authors
of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come, 450
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall
not,

Most freely I confess myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,"

"Importunity, command, desire.

In recompense whereof he hath married her:
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd 460
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Oliv. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee?

Clown. Why, "some are born great, some achieve
 greatness, and some have greatness thrown
 upon them." I was one, sir, in this inter-
 lude; one Sir Topas, sir but that's all one.
 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do
 you remember?—'Madam, why laugh you at 470
 such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's
 gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time
 brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

Exit

Oliv. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
 He hath not told us of the captain yet:
 When that is known, and golden time con-
 vents, 480

A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
 (For so you shall be, while you are a man:)
 But when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

Exeunt

Clown. Sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy, 490
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

*With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive, 500
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,¹⁰
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. 510
Exit*

¹⁰I had drunken heads along with toss-pots: i. e. drunkards or toppers, still.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Literary art does not imitate nature; it idealizes nature. This play does not give us the ideas, manners and customs of the Elizabethans, or the Illyrians, exactly, as history would give them. It does give, however, what the Elizabethans enjoyed, a creation of Shakespeare's imagination. Here is a chance to get something of the "light that never was on land or sea." Therefore, here is something to enjoy, to reflect upon, and to remember as we always remember art.

A classic, that is, a piece of finished work which has stood the test of time, is like a *good* apple, good all through. The beginner enjoys it, and the specialist enjoys it. We may buy specked apples and find them moulded at the core, but the judge of a prize apple knows that the fruit looks, tastes, smells nice and is moreover "sound to the core." This reflection is important here, because the teacher must decide, in any teaching situation, how much to teach. The editors of this play have had to consider glossary, textual criticism, allusions, grammar, and so on. The pupils may not be able to go so far, but teacher and pupils should sense that a whole is the sum of its parts. Some teachers get their class so lost in the parts that they can not see the whole; others remain so far away from the parts that when the piece is finished, the class knows very little of Shakespeare. In the High School the class should get the general effect such as is given by plot, setting, characters, dramatic devices, and then all the details they can assimilate. In the college, the class should strive to see everything that can be seen, and sense the problems which the scholars state.

Every teacher of Shakespeare should realize that a great deal of error has crept in and is still creeping in to the study of this poet. A great deal of so called scholarship is not scholarship at all; it is only speculation. Do not lead your class to guess or speculate. What little your class knows it should know for certain. Shakespeare tells you nearly everything he wants you to know about his plot and his characters. You must understand his language, though, if he is to tell you what he wishes to tell. The great reason for the study of dramatic technique and structure is that by means of such study we come to understand what Shakespeare was trying to do. It is better to know what Shakespeare said and meant than to know what Coleridge, for example, thought he said and meant, although Coleridge may be right. Read the criticism of Coleridge to see how Shakespeare affected Coleridge.

It is important to teach this play as poetical drama, not as a novel, not as a short-story, not as one of Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare*. Some teachers and pupils shy at the study of notes, glossary, stage directions, dramatic structure, etc., but they miss often the poetry of Shakespeare. They seem to wish to get at Shakespeare at second-hand. This poet had a vivid powerful imagination, that is picture making, visualizing power. His audiences had to see with the physical eyes and then with the eyes of the mind. He was always concrete. If you pass over a speech without getting the meaning, without seeing the pictures, remember that the fault is yours, not Shakespeare's. Try this, from the first speech in the play:

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea. Nought enters there
Of what validity, and pitch soe'r

But falls into abatement, and low price,
 Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high fantastical.

For "Spirit of love" one might visualize Cupid or Venus. "Quick" means alive. Capacity means capability, what one can contain. The amount love can receive is like that which the sea can receive, their "capacity" is alike. "There" refers to sea as well as to the capacity of Venus or Cupid. "Validity" means value. "Pitch" means the highest point to which a falcon flies, therefore abatement and *low price* carry on the figure. One sees a falcon turning upon his prey, and the prey falling low (perhaps into the sea). We may personify fancy as being full of shapes, as the sea is, for it alone is highly fantastical.

Not directly, but indirectly by means of poetry, figures of speech, the Duke says he is in love, but that nothing satisfies him. If he calls for a tune, he is in a moment dissatisfied. He is restless, whimsical, sick of love. We think at once that he is sentimental; later we find out that he was not in love at all. He was just wanting to be in love, and later he fell in without trying. The purpose of the dramatist here was to let us see what was troubling the Duke. From the beginning we do not think him worthy of Olivia.

Watch for the elements of comedy in this play. It has high comedy, low comedy and farce. Your pupils will readily see the farce and the broad comedy. They will get the practical joke played upon Malvolio. They will compare Toby and Andrew with Mutt and Jeff of the comic strip, for one is red and fat and the other is pale and tall and thin. The high comedy will require closer attention. It consists in puns, play upon words, conceits, mistakes in language, and so on. But most especially, it consists in putting people into situations where they think they are doing

one thing when an observer knows they are doing another. The Duke thought he was in love; he was just getting ready for true love. Olivia thought she was mourning sincerely for her brother, but see how quickly she fell in love with Cesario. Sir Toby thought he was using fine polite language; he was almost as ignorant of words as Mrs. Malaprop. Sir Andrew thought he was making great progress in learning to be a courtier; we know that he is a silly fool. For a time the clown, or professional fool, seems to be the wisest person in the company. Malvolio was satisfied with himself, but how we despise him! We laugh at these people because we feel superior. We hope that we know what we are doing. "O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us. It wad frae mony a blunder free us an' foolish notion."

The only danger in analysis is that the teacher and class will fail to keep synthesis close to analysis. Have the class read the play over before you begin. Then study it. Cut it into fifths or eighteenths and study the parts. See all that your capacity will permit you to see. Then put the parts all together again by having the play read once more, entire. That will be like looking at a map of a city before you enter it, like visiting the city, and then like looking back upon it in perspective.

An edition prepared for school use is not as pleasant a book as an edition for the library. In school, we prepare for the reading of library books. In our *study*, however, we seem to need scaffolding, the apparatus for teaching. In this edition we have starred throughout the first act words which we think the pupil should look up in the glossary, words which he may think he knows already. It is to be hoped that

after pupils have looked up some of the words, they will get the point and have their eyes quickened for the difficulties of Elizabethan language. We hope they will desire to see Shakespeare's images. The words use, often, their early meaning. For example, prevent may have its early meaning of *come before*, not, *hinder*.

Grammar is important in the study of poetry. The poet, for certain reasons, may invert his sentences, or compose what would be an awkward sentence in prose, but even the poet must compose logical sentences. References and antecedents are worth watching. In the passage quoted from the Duke's first speech, to what does *there* refer? What is the antecedent of *it*? Since Shakespeare wrote so long ago some customs in language have changed. English grammar has a history, and usages of the past are not good now. We notice this matter in Shakespeare's use of the irregular verbs.

One special warning may be of service to young teachers or beginners. Pupils if left to themselves will not study an English or American classic. They will admit that *Composition* is hard, but there is an impression in their minds that *Literature* is easy. You do not have to study that as you have to study your Algebra or your Spanish. All you do in preparing a lesson in Literature is to read it over *once*; if you are crowded for time you may read it in class. But the teacher of English is entitled to preparation. The lesson needs application, reflection, properly motivated work. Convince your class early that it is necessary to read slowly and to review. The slow task of looking up notes and glossary, of trying to visualize settings, entrances, grouping, and figures of speech will repay many fold in vividness; the task well done will bring to life what seemed dead and

dry. Your class has seen those Japanese paper flowers which, when cast upon water, begin to unfold or grow? The flowers in Shakespeare seem folded and dry to many, but if you will get the clue to making them unfold and grow, you will experience pleasure and profit.

TESTING THE RESULT OF YOUR TEACHING

Try the objective tests. Try selecting typical passages in the way to see if your pupils can place them. You must select passages which are outstanding for poetry or for character, or for plot or setting. Catch questions will hardly be fair here. Those who visualize best will do well on this kind of a test. Be sure to have written and oral themes along with the study. Discussions and conversations are profitable. Translate poetical passages into prose. Use the *précis*. See that the class knows the plot in its *unity* and in its *coherence*. That is, can members of your class review the plot in the order in which it was developed? Has the class improved in the judgment of literature and in the appreciation of poetry? Did you waste time teaching the class what the members knew already? We spend much unnecessary time going over the same ground, especially if a class has read a play by Shakespeare before, and knows therefore about the Elizabethan theatre, the structure of a play, etc. Has your class laughed enough in the study of this comedy? Would you teach the play the same way to another class? Do you have all the helps you need, such as questions upon Shakespeare's plays, or a Shakespearian grammar, or some of the standard handbooks to Shakespeare?

GLOSSARY

affectioned—affected.

ample—full.

anatomy—corpse, skeleton.

approbation—proof.

Arion—a Greek poet saved from the sea by a dolphin which was attracted to the ship by Arion's music on the lyre.

aqua-vitæ—ardent spirits, brandy, water of life; cf. fire-water.

augmentation—addition.

baffled—disgraced, deluded.

barracado—barricade.

bawbling—little bauble, small, worthless.

beagle—a small hound.

behaviour—etiquette.

bent—tension, inclination.

blab—to talk idly or foolishly, tell a secret.

blows—puffs up.

botcher—tailor, or cobbler.

bottom—ship.

brabble—brawl, fight.

branched—embroidered with flowers and leaves.

breach—surge, surf, breaking of water over a vessel.

breast—voice.

brock—badger, a term of reproach.

cantons—songs.

case—skin

catch—a round for three voices.

chantry—chapel, or altar.

checks—a term in falconry—to turn when in pursuit of game and fly after something unimportant. Used with *staniel* and haggard, here.

cheveril—soft leather, kid.

clog—weight, clot.

cloistress—a woman who lives in a cloister, a nun.

cockatrice—a fabulous serpent with a deadly glance.

codling—a small green apple.

colours—tricks, deception (pun on colour and collar).

- conceited*—filled with notions, conceits.
conduct—attendance (cf. "safe conduct").
commerce—conversation, social intercourse.
complexion—temperament, make-up.
comptible—sensitive.
Con—commit to memory, study.
contemplation—reflection, introspection.
convents—makes convenient.
counterfeits—imitates.
coranto—a dance.
county—count (O. F. comte).
coystrill—a base groom.
cozier—cobbler.
crowner—coroner (originally an officer of the crown).
cut—name for a horse, drunk, tipsy.
curst—short, sharp.
damask—pink like a damask rose.
day-bed—sofa.
daws—black birds smaller than crows.
degree—step, rank.
denay—denial.
device—scheme, stratagem.
Diana—goddess of the wood, the huntress, helper of women, Artemis.
diluculo surgere (saluberrimum est)—it is healthful to get up early.
distemper—throw out of balance, make diseased.
dolphin—the common dolphin is a fish about seven feet long. The bottle-nosed dolphin is called a porpoise.
dormouse—a rodent, like a small squirrel.
ducat—a gold coin worth about \$2.28.
dulcet—sweet.
Elysium—the dwelling place of happy souls after death.
embassy—servant, messenger.
encounter—board, enter.
enlarge—set free.
eunuch—a man made sexless by surgery, a chamberlain.
expressure—expression, impression.
fadge—agree, fit, work.
fantastical—highly imaginative.
favour—aspect, appearance, face, charm.

fell—cruel, fierce.

flatter—joke with in flattery (flattery meant at first perhaps to rub with the flat of the hand, thus to soothe) “flatter with” seems to us an odd idiom.

fond—(verb) dote (adjective) foolish.

fool—used as a term of endearment.

fraught—load, freight

fustian—cheap, coarse (from a cloth made at Fustat, near Cairo).

galliard—a gay dance, or dance music.

geck—dupe, fool (from Dutch *gek*—fop, fool).

gin—trap.

grizzle—hair, beard.

gaskins—loose breeches.

haggard—an untrained hawk.

hale—drag, draw.

high—to a high degree (adverb).

hyperbolic—exaggerated. The clown may be rather careless in the use of big words.

Illyria—an ancient country east of the Adriatic sea.

importance—importunity, wish, suggestion.

jets—struts, spouts.

Jove—Jupiter, Zeus Those born under the planet Jupiter were supposed to be jovial.

lapsed—caught through carelessness.

leasing—lying.

Legion—a collective name for all the devils in hell combined into one devil.

leman—lover, mistress.

lenten—spare, scanty (perhaps green suggesting spring).

lethargy—forgetfulness (euphemism for drunkenness).

lets—hinders, obstructs.

list—desire.

malapert—pert, saucy.

mal'gnancy—evil (a reference to the evil influence of certain stars). Why do we sometimes exclaim, “my stars?”

manakin—a small bright bird. Fabian probably meant

manikin—little man, tailor's model.

marry—a mild oath (equivalent to “By Marry”).

maugre—in spite of.

- mellifluous*—flowing like honey, sweet.
mellow—ripe, mature.
methought—it seemed to me.
midwife—a woman who assisted women in childbirth.
minion—daring, favorite.
misprision—misapprehension (pun upon a legal term).
monster—something unnatural.
mute—silent, deaf and dumb.
nonpareil—incomparable, without equal.
nuncio—an announcer, messenger.
orchard—garden (ort-geard-root or shrub yard).
owe—own (the past tense was ought).
peace—as a verb—stop, be quiet.
peascod—pea pod.
perchance—by chance.
perpend—consider.
personated—represented, impersonated.
perspective—a glass which gave an optical illusion.
pilchards—small herring, sardines.
pipe—voice.
point-devise—exact, careful.
points—fastenings to keep the breeches up.
post—courier, messenger.
pourquoi—why.
pregnant—ready, fertile in ideas.
presently—immediately (notice how all time words weaken in meaning).
prevented—anticipated (from prae—before and venire—to come).
prithee—I pray thee.
profound—deep.
proper-false—false individual, handsome imitation.
propertied—made a tool of.
purged—cleansed, purified.
rascal—(early meaning—a poor ragged deer), rogues knave.
recollected—reminiscent, collected again, not original.
renegade—deserter from faith or religion.
reverberate—echoing.
round—severe, plain spoken.
rubious—red, ruby.
sack—sherry, or strong white wine (it was burned (boiled))

to weaken it. Some liked it warm).

"*save you*"—May God save you.

scruple—a weight of twenty grains, a small stone, anything small.

shent—scolded, reprovèd.

shrew—a scold.

shrewishly—sharply, saucily.

signor—lord or gentleman.

sinister—left, opposed to dexter, right; therefore wrong.

sirrah—used with inferiors, where sir was used with superiors or equals.

"*skills not*"—matters not.

skittish—capricious, restive, shy.

'*Slight*—an oath, By God's light.

"*sneck up*"—go hang.

sowter—name for a hound.

spleen—violent laughter, or mirth; any violent emotion (the spleen was said to be the seat of emotions).

squash—an undeveloped pea pod.

stone-bow—bow for shooting stones.

stoup—a small vessel for liquids (first used for holy water at the entrance of a church).

suited—dressed.

surfeiting—overdoing, especially overeating.

swabber—one who swabs the decks of a ship.

sway—govern.

tabor—a small drum.

Tartar—Tartarus, Hades.

Taurus—a sign of the zodiac, the bull.

tall—brave, bold.

testril—a sixpence.

to—til, until.

toss-pots—topers, drunkards.

undertaker—a second, a meddler.

unhatched—unhacked.

unkind—differing from humankind, unnatural.

unprizable—not prized or appraised as of value.

viol-de gamboys—a violincello with six strings (Italian *viola da gamba*—a viol held between the knees).

wainropes—cart or wagon ropes.

wanton—undisciplined, and then lustful.

weeds—clothing (from Anglo-Saxon *waed*; the other word weed is from *weod*. The words became confused in spelling).

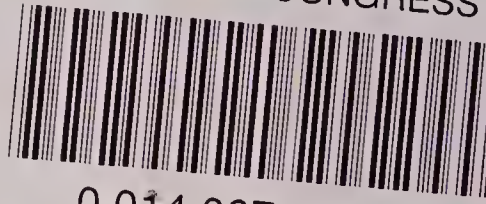
welkin—the vault of heaven (from Anglo-Saxon *wolcen*—a cloud).

wench—child, maid-servant (we have now limited the word).

wing—flight.

zanies—servants to fools, simpletons, insane people.

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